

000 is asserted that "washing in cold water contributes to lengthen life, and that the use of warm baths has a contrary effect." P. 131. The same author is of opinion that "persons who pass great part of their lives out of doors are generally longer-lived than those that stay more within." The Abipones spend most of
512 their time out of the house, and consequently breathe the pure air of heaven which is so
342 salutary to the human body. Though they dwell under mats spread like a tent, or in fixed huts, they never suffer the air to be entirely excluded. Nor are they content with living in
764 the open air, they also choose to be buried there, entertaining an incredible repugnance to sepulchres within the church. As the Abipones live
000 long and enjoy excellent health, though entirely destitute of physicians and druggists, I can hardly help reckoning their absence amongst the causes which co-operate to render the savages superior in vigour and longevity to most Europeans, amongst whom as physicians are numerous, and medicine in general use, there are many sick persons and few very old
[75] men. The Abiponian physicians, of whom I shall speak more fully hereafter, are impostors more ignorant than brutes, and totally unworthy the splendid title of physicians, being born not to heal the sick, but to cheat them with juggleries and frauds.

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their theology. The Abipones think the Pleiades to be the representation of their grandfather; and as that constellation disappears at certain periods from the sky of South America, upon such occasions, they suppose that their grandfather is sick, and are under a yearly apprehension that he is going to die: but as soon as those seven stars are again visible in the month of May, they welcome their grandfather, as if returned and restored from sickness, with joyful shouts, and the festive sound of pipes and trumpets, congratulating him on the recovery of his health. *Quemen naachic latenc! laydm nauichi end? Ta yegdm! Layamini!* What thanks do we owe thee! and art thou returned at last? Ah! thou hast happily recovered!—With such exclamations, expressive of their joy and their folly, do they fill the air. Next day they all go out to seek honey to make mead, and, as soon as that is prepared, they assemble in one place, at the setting of the sun, to make public demonstration of gladness. They pass the night, the married Abipones sitting on the ground on skins, the by-standing women singing with a loud voice, and the crowd of single persons laughing and applauding, by the light of torches, which shine here and there about the market-place. Some female juggler who conducts the festive ceremonies, dances at

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[A' = L.C. shaman — — — ANALYST]

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796 intervals, rattling a gourd full of hardish fruit-
[534] seeds to musical time, and, whirling round to
[535] the right with one foot, and to the left with
another, without ever removing from one spot,
or in the least varying her motions. This fool-
[534] ish crazy dance is interrupted every now and
then by the horrid clangor of military trumpets,
in which the spectators join, making a loud
noise by striking their lips with their hands.
Yet in the midst of all this you can never per-
ceive the smallest deviation from strict deco-
[562] rum. The men are decently separated from
the women; the boys from the girls. The
[789] female dancer, the priestess of these ridicu-
lous ceremonies, as a mark of particular fa-
vour, rubs the thighs of some of the men with
her gourds, and, in the name of their grandfa-
ther, promises them swiftness in pursuing ene-
mies and wild beasts. At the same time the
new male and female jugglers, who are thought
equal to the office, are initiated with many ce-
remonies. Of this most mischievous descrip-
tion of men I am now going to treat more fully.

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CHAPTER IX.

OF THE CONJURORS, OR RATHER OF THE JUGGLERS
AND CHEATS OF THE ABIPONES.

If I remember rightly, no nation which has ⁷⁵⁶ been discovered in Paraguay is without its jugglers, whom the Abipones call by the name of the devil, Keebèt, or devilish workers, because they believe them to have received from their grandfather, the evil spirit, the power of performing wonderful work far surpassing human art. These rogues, who are of both sexes, profess to know and have the ability to do all things. There is not one of the savages who does not believe that it is in the power of these conjurors to inflict disease and death, to cure all disorders, to make known distant and future events; to cause rain, hail, and tempests; to call up the shades of the dead, and consult them concerning hidden matters; to put on the form of a tiger; to handle every kind of serpent without danger, &c., which powers, they imagine, are not obtained by art, but imparted to certain persons by their grandfather, the devil. Those who aspire to ⁷⁵⁶ the office of juggler are said⁷⁸⁷ to sit upon an aged willow, overhanging some lake, and to

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[787] abstain from food for several days, till they begin to see into futurity. It always appeared probable to me that these rogues, from long fasting, contract a weakness of brain, a giddiness, and kind of delirium, which makes them imagine that they are gifted with superior wisdom, and give themselves out for magicians. They impose upon themselves first, and afterwards upon others. But in reality they differ from the rest in nothing but the superior ability of concerting frauds to deceive others. Indeed
811 it is no difficult matter to cheat ignorant and credulous savages, who account every new thing, which they have never seen before, a prodigy, and immediately attribute it to magic art. Once when I happened to make some roses of red linen, to adorn the church, the Indians watched me at my work with much interest, wondering at this imitation of nature, and exclaiming, "This father is either a magician, or the son of a witch." A European lay-brother of our order astonished the Indians by turning something of wood, with much skill and expedition, and was consequently spoken of by them all as the prince of magicians; for till that day they had never seen a turning machine, nor any thing turned. Were they to behold fireworks, optical glasses, the experiments of the air-pump, and many other things;

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which are every-day sights amongst Europeans, amazed at what would be so novel to their eyes, they would indeed swear them to be absolute proofs of magical art. This is confirmed by the circumstance of the Brazilians calling their conjurors *Payè*, and the art of working miracles *Caraybà*, which name they afterwards gave to the European strangers, because they saw them perform things by art which, being formerly unknown to them, they imagined above the powers of nature. Hence also the Guaranies, whose language bears much resemblance to that of Brazil, at this day call all the Spaniards and Europeans *Caray*.

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This simplicity of an ignorant people, the crafty jugglers know well how to turn to their own advantage, openly boasting themselves vicegerents and interpreters of the devil, their grandfather; diviners of future events; priests of the mysteries; creators, or, as they please, healers of diseases; necromancers, and governors of all the elements; easily persuading these credulous creatures any thing that comes into their heads. They are furnished with a thousand arts of deceiving. Suppose they have heard from some savage visitant that an enemy is coming to attack the horde; this knowledge they will boast of to their hordesmen as if it had been revealed to them by their

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756 grandfather, thus acquiring the reputation of prophets. Whatever they learn either from conjecture, from secret intelligence, or from their own examination, they predict to be about to happen with infinite pomposity, and are always listened to with as much attention as if they were actually inspired. Should their prophecies not be approved by the event, they are never at a loss for excuses to shelter their authority. Sometimes, in the dead of the night, they suddenly announce the enemy's [726] approach with a whistle or a pipe. All are awakened, and without once calling in question the truth of the juggler's prediction, fly to [722] arms. The women and children betake themselves to a place of safety, and whilst they pass hours, nay whole nights, in the fear of death, and their husbands in threatening it to the assailants, not one of the enemy makes his appearance. But that the faith in their prophecies, and the authority of the prophets, may suffer no diminution, they declare, with a smile, that the hostile assault has been averted by their grandfather the devil. At other times a body of enemies often rushes upon them on a sudden, when not one of these prophets has either foreseen or foretold the danger of an attack. A ridiculous event, à propos to this subject, occurs to my recollection. About

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night-fall an Abiponian boy brought an iron ⁷⁵⁶
 bridle, an axe, and some other trifles, the trea- ^[412]
 sures of his family, to be guarded in my house. ^[492]
 On being asked the reason of his doing so, he
 replied that the enemies would arrive in the
 night; for so it had been predicted by his mo-
 ther, a famous juggler, who declared that when-
 ever the enemy was approaching, she felt a
 pricking sensation in her left arm. "Oh!" ^[56]
 replied I, "you may attribute that to the fleas,
 my good lad. I can tell you this on my own
 experience. Day and night I feel my left and
 my right arm too, as well as other parts of my
 body, insolently pricked and stung by fleas.
 If that were an indication of the enemy, we
 should never be free from their attacks night
 or day." But my words were vain; for the
 report of the old woman's presage got abroad,
 and disturbed the whole town all night. Yet,
 as often happened, no sign or vestige of the
 enemy appeared.

The Abipones, whom the desire of booty or ¹⁸¹
 glory induces to be constantly scheming war ⁶⁴⁸
 against others, are, in consequence, never free ^[721]
 from suspicions of machinations against them-
 selves. The more ardently they desire to take
 measures for their safety, the more readily
 do they believe themselves in danger from
 others, and generally for some foolish reason.

- 181 A light rumour, smoke seen from a distance,
648 strange foot-marks, or the unseasonable barking
of dogs, fills them with suspicions that their
lives are in danger from the enemy, especially
when they dread their vengeance for slaughters
which themselves have lately committed. The
● 756 task of tranquillizing and preparing their minds
787 devolves upon the jugglers, who, whenever any
thing is to be feared, or any thing to be done,
consult the evil spirit. About the beginning
of the night a company of old women assemble
in a huge tent. The mistress of the band, an
old woman remarkable for wrinkles and grey
hairs, strikes every now and then two large
discordant drums, at intervals of four sounds,
and whilst these instruments return a horrible
bellowing, she, with a harsh voice, mutters
kinds of songs, like a person mourning. The
[533] surrounding women, with their hair dishevelled
and their breasts bare, rattle gourds, and loudly
chaunt funeral verses, which are accompanied
by a continual motion of the feet, and tossing
about of the arms. But this infernal music is
rendered still more insupportable by other
performers, who keep constantly beating pans
which are covered with deers' skin, and sound
very acutely, with a stick. In this manner
the night is passed. At day-break all flock
to the old woman's tent, as to a Delphic
oracle. The singers receive little presents, and

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are anxiously asked what their grandfather has said. The replies of the old women are generally of such doubtful import, that whatever happens they may seem to have predicted the truth. Sometimes the devil is consulted by different women, in different tents, the same night. At day-break one party will pertinaciously assert that the enemy are on the approach, which the other as obstinately denying, a conflict of opinions ensues between these foolish interpreters of oracles, which generally ends in a bloody quarrel. Sometimes one of the jugglers is desired to call up the shade of a dead man, from which they may immediately learn what their fates reserve for them. A promiscuous multitude of every age and sex flocks to the necromancer's tent. The juggler is concealed beneath a bull's hide, which serves in the same manner as a stage-curtain. Having muttered a few extemporary verses, sometimes with a mournful, at others with a commanding voice, he at length declares that the shade of such a person, whoever the people choose, is present: Him he interrogates over and over again on future events, and, changing his voice, answers to himself whatever he thinks proper. Not one of the auditors dares to doubt of the presence of the shade, or the truth of its words. An Abipon of noble family and good under-

756 standing, used many arguments to convince me
 787 that he had with his own eyes beheld the spirit
 769 of an Indian woman, whose husband was then
 living in our town. Spaniards also, who have
 lived from boyhood in captivity amongst the
 Abipones, are quite persuaded that the shades
 of the dead become visible at the call of a ne-
 cromancer, that they reply to questions, and
 that there is no deceit used in the business.
 But what sensible man would credit such wit-
 nesses, who are in the daily habit of deceiving
 and being deceived?

775 But from this custom of the savages of calling
 up the shades of the dead, we may deduce that
 they believe in the immortality of the soul, as
 may also be collected both from their rites and
 conversation. They place a pot, a garment,
 769 arms, and horses, fastened on stakes upon graves,
 that the dead may not be in want of the daily
 necessities of life. They have an idea, that
 835 those little ducks, which the Abipones call
ruililiè, and which fly about in flocks at night,
 uttering a mournful hiss, are the souls of the
 departed. The Spaniard Raphael de los Rios,
 648 who superintended the estate belonging to the
 town of St. Jeronymo, was cruelly murdered in
 his tent, in an assault of the savages, whilst I
 resided there. Some months after, an Abipo-
 nian catechumen came and anxiously enquired

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whether all the Spaniards went to Heaven when they died, and was told by my companion that those who had closed their lives with a pious death alone obtained this happiness. "I agree entirely with you," said the Abipon; "for the Spaniard Raphael, who was killed here lately, seems not to have gained admittance yet; our countrymen say that they see him riding in the plain every night, and hissing in a mournful tone." This, though to be accounted either a mere fabrication, or the effect of fancy, justifies the conclusion, that the savages believe the soul to survive the body, though they are entirely ignorant of what becomes of it, or what may be its fate. The other people of Paraguay too hold the same opinion of the immortality of the soul.

From what I have said of the jugglers, who does not see that all their knowledge, all their arts, consist of nothing but cunning, fraud, and deceit? Yet the savages yield them the readiest faith and obedience during their lifetime, and after their death revere them as divine men. In their migrations, they reverently carry with them their bones and other reliques as sacred pledges. Whenever the Abipones see a fiery meteor, or hear it thunder three or four times, these simpletons believe that one of their jugglers is dead, and that this thunder and lightning are his funeral obsequies.

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- 756 his funeral obsequies. If they ride out any
 756 where to hunt or fight, they are always accom-
 726 panied on their journey by one of these knaves,
 [224] on whose words and advice they fully depend,
 believing that he knows and can foretel what-
 ever may conduce to the success of the expedi-
 tion; he teaches them the place, time, and man-
 ner proper for attacking wild beasts or the
 [224] enemy. On an approaching combat, he rides
 round the ranks, striking the air with a palm
 bough, and with a fierce countenance, threaten-
 ing eyes, and affected gesticulations, imprecates
 evil on their enemies. This ceremony they
 think of much avail to securing them a victory.
 The best part of the spoils are adjudged to him
 756 as the fruits of his office. I observed that these
 crafty knaves have plenty of excellent horses,
 and domestic furniture superior to that of the
 rest. Whatever they wish for they extort from
 this credulous people. The Abipones account
 it a crime to contradict their words, or oppose
 their desires or commands, fearing their ven-
 681 geance. When any of the jugglers are ill
 756 disposed towards a man, they call him to their
 house, and are instantly obeyed. When he is
 come, they harshly reproach him for some ima-
 ginary fault or injury, and declare their inten-
 tion of punishing him in the name of their
 grandfather. They order him instantly to bare

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his breast and shoulders, and then pierce and
 tear his flesh with the jaw of the fish palometa. ⁶⁸¹
 The poor wretch dares not utter the least com- ⁷⁵⁶
 plaint, though streaming with blood, and thinks
 himself very fortunate in being suffered to de-
 part alive.

At another time, when these bugbears think ⁷⁵⁶
 any one inimical or injurious to them, they will ⁷⁸⁹
 threaten to change themselves into a tiger, and ⁶²⁶
 tear every one of their hordesmen to pieces. No
 sooner do they begin to imitate the roaring of a
 tiger, than all the neighbours fly away in every
 direction. From a distance however they hear
 the feigned sounds. "Alas! his whole body is
 beginning to be covered with tiger spots!" cry
 they. "Look, his nails are growing," the fear-
 struck women exclaim, although they cannot
 see the rogue, who is concealed within his tent;
 but that distracted fear presents things to their
 eyes which have no real existence. It was
 scarce possible to persuade them out of their
 absurd terrors. "You daily kill tigers in the
 plain," said I, "without dread, why then should
 you weakly fear a false imaginary tiger in the
 town?" "You Fathers don't understand these
 matters," they reply, with a smile. "We never
 fear, but kill tigers in the plain, because we can
 see them. Artificial tigers we do fear, because
 they can neither be seen nor killed by us."

[i.e. JAGUAR -- ANALYST]

626 I combated this poor argument, by saying, "If
756 that artificial tiger which your conjurors as-
789 sume to alarm you cannot be seen, how,
pray, can you tell that tigers' claws and nails
begin to grow upon him?" But it was vain to
reason with men in whom the extreme pertina-
city with which they adhered to the opinion of
their ancestors superseded all reason. Should
821 a furious tempest arise, they will all declare the
[756] deluge caused by profuse rain to be effected by
the arts of the jugglers, and whilst some attri-
bute the flood and hurricane to one, some to
another, a still more furious and louder tempest
arises amongst themselves. Hear my account
of an event which I cannot remember without
laughter. In the month of January, a quantity
of heavy rain fell in the night, and precipitating
itself from a neighbouring hill, nearly over-
whelmed the colony of St. Jeronymo. The
immense force of waters broke the leathern door,
rushed into my hut where I was sleeping, and
not immediately gaining egress, increased to
about five palms in depth. Awakened by the
noise, I put my arms out of bed, and using them
as a plumb, measured the depth of the water;
and had not the wall, which was perforated by
the flood, opened a way to the waters, I must
have been obliged to swim for my life. The
same thing happened to all the Abipones who

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dwelt on low ground, their huts being entirely 821
inundated. But lo! the next morning a report [756] ●
was spread, that a female juggler, who had received some offence from one of the inhabitants of the town, had caused this great storm in the intent of drowning the whole horde, but that the clouds had been repulsed, the rain stopped, and the town saved by the interposition of another juggler. That dreadful flood did not extend to the neighbouring plain, where Parickaikin, at that time chief of the Abiponian jugglers, was then living with some companions, who, after a long drought, were very desirous of getting water. This Parickaikin in an oracular [609]
manner declared, that Father Joseph Brigniel had caused that rain for the advantage of his town, and that because he, Parickaikin, did not choose to reside there, he had, out of revenge, directed the clouds with such art, that not a drop of rain reached his station. For they made no hesitation in accounting that Father a conjuror, because he happily and speedily healed the sick.

That the American jugglers enjoy familiar 756
intercourse with the evil spirit is not only firmly believed by the ignorant savages, but some writers have even endeavoured to persuade Europe to believe it. For my part, after so long an acquaintance with these nations I

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 756 could never bring myself to credit it, always
 remaining of opinion that they neither know,
 nor are capable of performing any thing above
 A human powers. Being firmly persuaded that
 756 they would do me all the evil in their power,
 797 I often accosted them in a friendly manner,
 and by all sorts of good offices endeavoured
 to prevail upon them to alter their manner of
 life, and embrace religion; for by their example
 almost all the rest would regulate their con-
 duct. But this was like washing the blacka-
 moor white: for these wickedest of mortals,
 unwilling to part with their authority and lu-
 crative office, left no stone unturned, no frauds
 unattempted to deter and intimidate their
 countrymen from going to church, attending
 to the instructions of the priests, and receiving
 baptism, daily denouncing death, and destruc-
 tion on the whole nation, unless they obeyed.
 Nor is this either new or surprizing. In all
 the American nations the teachers of the holy
 religion have found the jugglers upholders of
 ancient superstition, and rocks in the way of
 the desired progress of the Christian law.
 G Good heavens! what contests, and what trou-
 756 ble did they not cause to Antonio Ruiz de Mon-
 797 toya, the famous Guarany missionary! It was
 not till he had repressed the authority of the
 remaining jugglers, and commanded the bones of

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the dead ones, which were universally worshipped with great honours, to be burnt in the presence of the people, that he converted an infinite number of savages to the Christian religion, and induced them to enter colonies. Till these knavish *holophants*, and sycophants to speak with Plautus, are abolished, nothing can be done with the savages; this I affirm on experience. The town of St. Joachina not only merited the praise of religion, but produced many fruits of genuine piety. But as snakes often lurk in the grass, and tares in the most abundant harvest, an old Indian secretly performed the office of juggler there, and suffered himself to be adored as a divine person by some foolish women, whom he served in the double capacity of physician, and prophet, at the same time carrying on a criminal intercourse with them. These things were disclosed to me by Ignatius Paranderi, chief Cacique of the town; so that judging it advisable immediately to reprove this mischievous old man in public, since private admonitions were of no avail, I repaired to his house attended by all the chief people of the place; and imitating, in this important business, the thundering tongue of Cicero when he fulminated against Catiline, addressed him in the following manner. "How long, accursed old man, will you

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- 756 belie your profession of Christianity, by daring
797 to corrupt the morals of your fellow-hor-
desmen with nefarious arts, and indecent conduct?
After living near twenty years in the school
of Christ, are you not afraid to practise savage
rites the most repugnant to Christian laws?
Your manner of life is exactly suitable to the
name of tiger, (he was called Yaguaretè, which
means a tiger;) for by your deceits and in-
decencies you tear the poor little sheep of
Christ. Extreme age has conducted you to the
goal of life;—unless you repent, what a
wretched death, and when dead what a sad
fate awaits you! I am equally ashamed and
grieved on your account. He whom you be-
hold dead on the cross for you,” said I, showing
him a crucifix, “will drive you headlong into
hell, to punish your perfidy. Be what you
appear, or appear what you are. Regulate your
conduct according to divine law. But if
savage superstitions are too firmly rooted in
your breast to be ever eradicated, return in-
stantly to the woods of the savages, to the dens
of wild beasts where you first saw the light,
that your example may not pervert the rest of
your hordesmen, who have dedicated their
lives to religion and virtue. Go, and repent of
your former sins, and by penitence and inno-
cence of life, cleanse away the stains of them.

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If you do not instantly obey my friendly admonitions, it will be worse for you. Henceforward, you shall not go unpunished. Know, that as soon as ever I hear of any act of superstition or indecency committed or attempted by you, at my orders you shall be led about the streets amidst the hisses of the people, and pelted with cow-dung, by a crowd of boys. Such is my firm determination. This is the thyme and frankincense that shall be offered up to the stinking divinity, which you have madly dared to arrogate to yourself and suffered to be adored." This commination left the old fellow alarmed, and, if I mistake not, corrected, all good men highly approving the severity of my speech. No suspicions were ever after entertained of him, though I inspected all things with a vigilant eye and an attentive ear.

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As the jugglers perform the offices not only of soothsayers and physicians, but also of priests of the ceremonies of superstition, it exceeds belief what absurd opinions they inculcate into the ignorant minds of the Abipones. Out of many, I will mention a few. The Abipones think that none of their nation would ever die, were the Spaniards and the jugglers banished from America; for they attribute every one's death, from whatever cause it may proceed,

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 ● 756 either to the malicious arts of the one, or to the
 761 fire-arms of the other. If an Abipon die from
 being pierced with many wounds, or from hav-
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 756 ing his bones broken, or his strength exhausted
 754 by extreme old age, his countrymen all deny
 761 that wounds or weakness occasioned his death,
 and anxiously try to discover by which of the
 jugglers, and for what reason he was killed.
 Because they have remembered some of their
 nation to have lived for a hundred years, they
 imagine that they would never die, were it not
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 321 for the jugglers and the Spaniards. What ri-
 diculous ideas do not the Americans entertain
 respecting the eclipse of the sun and moon!
 During the time it lasts, the Abipones fill the
 air with horrid lamentations. They perpetually
 cry *tayretà*! oh! the poor little thing! grieving
 for the sun and moon: for when these planets
 are obscured, they always fear that they are
 C
 821 entirely extinguished. Still more ridiculous
 [772] are the Chiquito Indians, who say that the sun
 and moon are cruelly torn by dogs, with which
 they think that the air abounds, when they see
 their light fail; attributing their blood red
 colour to the bites of these animals. Ac-
 cordingly, to defend their dear planets from
 those aerial mastiffs, they send a shower of ar-
 rows up into the sky, amid loud vociferations,

∞ self and for his people, and shortly after conquered and slain by Cortez.

787 Let us now return to the superstitions of the
 821 Abipones, who think another star, the name of
 which I have forgotten, portentous, formidable,
 and destructive. They say that those years in
 which this star has been seen have always
 proved bloody and disastrous to their nation.
 When a whirlwind drives the dust round in a
 circle, the women throw ashes in its way, that
 it may be satisfied with that food, and may turn
 in some other direction. But if the wind rushes
 [763] into any house with that impetuous whirling,
 they are certain that one of the inhabitants will
 die soon. If any live bees be found in the
 825 honey-comb, which they bring from the woods,
 222 they say that they must be killed out of doors,
 imagining, that if this be done within the house,
 they shall never be able to find any more honey.

756 The Abipones labour under many superstitions, because they abound in jugglers, the teachers of superstition. The most famous at the time that I lived there, were Hanetrâln, Nahagalkin, Oaikin, Kaëperlahachin, Pazanoinrin, Kaachl, Kepakainkin, Laamamin, and Pariëkaikin, the first, and by far the most eminent of them all, who had obtained a high reputation for his prophecies and other peculiarities of his office. Female jugglers abound to such a de-

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gree, that they almost out-number the gnats of 756●
Egypt. Their chief endeavour is to inspire their
countrymen with a veneration for their grand-
father, the evil spirit. On this subject I shall
now proceed to discourse.

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quently established with the Spaniards, and ⁶⁴⁸ the colony of Concepcion founded for the Abipones, this man, who was acquainted with many languages, performed the part of interpreter there; abusing which office to his own purposes, he left no stone unturned to render the friendship of the Spaniards suspicious, the religion of Christ, and us, the teachers of that religion, odious to the Abiponian catechumens. Feigning, however, piety and friendship, this crafty knave succeeded in gaining an excellent character amongst the credulous Spaniards and Abipones, though dangerous to both, and perfectly intolerable to us who governed the colony. But lo! the pestilent son had a still more pestilent mother. This woman, the chief ^[56] of all the female jugglers, a hundred years old, venerable to the people on account of her wrinkles, and formidable by reason of the magic arts she was thought to be acquainted with, never ceased exhorting her countrymen to shun and detest the church, our instruction, and baptism, even when administered to dying infants. Behold! a mother worthy of her son—a bad egg of a bad crow! But the vengeance of God overtook this accursed old woman. Flying from the town, with a band of her hordesmen, she was killed by the Mocobios,

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lighted much in the presence of the priest, ⁷⁹⁷ whom, as he came in the early part of the night, he persuaded to repose for a while at his own house, promising to let him know when he felt his death approach. He kept his word: he calmly expired the night before Trinity Sunday, whilst the priest was suggesting every thing consolatory to the dying man, and his relations were all weeping around him. He caused us to entertain great hopes of his obtaining a happy immortality on many accounts. For, indignant at the lamentations of his weeping domestics, he said they should remember he was going to visit the great house of the Creator of all things, the high father, the greatest captain. Ever intent on appeasing the Almighty, he testified sorrow and remorse for the many murders he had committed, of Christians and others. He repeatedly desired his wife not to follow the custom of their ancestors in slaying his horses and sheep at his grave; leaving them, and all his other property, to his little daughter. All this manifests that he held his ancient superstitions in abhorrence, and had embraced Christianity with his whole soul. I have related this to show you that all the misery resulting from deaths and disorders ⁷⁵⁴ is attributed by the Abipones to the magical ⁷⁵⁶ ⁷⁶¹

754 arts of the jugglers; whom, nevertheless, at
756 other times they revere as physicians and
761 saviours, of which more hereafter. Much remains to be said of diseases which ought not to be unknown to Europe.

CHAPTER XXIV.

OF THE PHYSICIANS AND MEDICINES OF THE ABIPONES.

756 RESTRAIN your laughter, friendly reader, when
[554] you hear that the Abipones honour their physicians with the title of *Keebèt*, which same word has the several significations of the devil, a physician, a prophet, and a malevolent sorcerer. From which it appears how widely the office of physician extends with them, and what various kinds of knowledge it embraces. They revere [554] physicians as the representatives of their grandfather, the evil spirit, and, believing them gifted by him with the art of healing diseases, dignify them with his honourable title of *Keebèt*. But I openly pronounce these Abiponian physicians worthy of contempt and ridicule, for they never learnt even the rudiments of medical science, never entered a school of the kind, nor ever acquired the least smattering of pharmacy, botany, anatomy, or nosology. These knaves [554] deserve to be flogged every day of their lives by the angry Galen, and spit upon by *Æsculapius*, *Hippocrates*, and the whole tribe of physicians. For they thrust frauds instead of medicines, words instead of deeds upon the credulous Abi-

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they prepare to suck the sick man, they secretly ⁷⁵⁵ put thorns, beetles, worms, &c. into their mouths, and spitting them out, after having sucked for some time, say to him, pointing to the worm or thorn, "See here the cause of your disorder." At this sight the sick man revives, when he thinks the enemy that has tormented him is at length expelled: for as imagination is often the origin of sickness, it may also be that of health. Moreover, it is not surprising that after many days sucking the pain should be relieved, which would have ceased of its own accord, by the benefit of time alone. I do not deny that the Abipones generally recover; but for that they are indebted to their natural strength, not to the juggler who sucked them. To him, however, they religiously ascribe the ⁷⁵⁶ praise and the glory of their recovered health; to him they give horses, arms, garments, or any thing belonging to the convalescent person. Neither is it from gratitude that they do this, but from fear; being firmly persuaded that the disease will return again unless they reward the physician to the utmost of their ability. Alas! how many infants have we seen fainting, pale, languid, dying, and soon dead from having their little bodies exhausted by constant sucking! The savage mothers must be certainly mad, since they still persist in this insane practice,

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756 after seeing so many children die in consequence of it.

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686 Amongst the Payaguas there exists a law that if any of them dies of a disease, the physician who undertook his cure shall be put to death by the arrows of the assembled people; and being desperately addicted to revenge, they are steadfast in the execution of this cruel law.

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756 During my residence in the city of Asumpcion, an unhappy physician atoned for the death of his patient by his own. Were this law in force amongst the Abipones, fewer of them would profess themselves followers of Galen; they would shun the dangerous profession of medicine, and physicians would cease to grow like funguses in a night. Of this I am quite sure, that in every Abiponian horde there are more physicians than sick persons: deterred by no danger of loss of fame or life, and certain of reward, they besiege the beds of the sick, and suck away their strength in every disease. When questioned on the patient's danger, they make the happiest forebodings. If the event turn out contrary to their prognostics, they have always a ready excuse: the disease was a fatal one, or their skill was baffled by the magical arts of some other juggler; the matter rests here, for it would be a crime to doubt the excuse of a juggler.

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poured forth a volley of curses on his ungrateful patient. "You had better call up a devil from hell, Fathers," said he, "to cure this beast. When I offered him medicine, the savage tried to kill me: he opposes a lance to a syringe. Who could contend with such unequal arms?" The Guaranies have the same repugnance to the use of the syringe. The Indians use snuff as a medicine, stuffing it into their ears, when they find them badly affected by the rain or wind. The jugglers vauntingly affirm, that they have it in their power to perform cures by words alone. Sitting on the sick man's bed they sing extemporaneous verses, as magical charms, either to reconcile the evil spirit, or to call up the shades of the dead by whose assistance they hope to remove all diseases. But away with this superstitious nonsense. The Abiponian physicians show how little they confide in their own arts, when, on being seized with a disorder, they neglect to consult their colleagues, and prefer the aid of any European who will prescribe for them. At the time that I dwelt amongst the Abipones, the most famous in the art of medicine was Pariekaikin, the chief of the jugglers, who, on being seized with pleurisy, called on me to heal him in preference to any of his colleagues. Calcoined hartshorn, boiled in barley-water, re-

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756 stored him to health, and gained me the repu-
797 tation of a physician amongst the Abipones.
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123 Nothing will procure you the good-will of the
savages so soon as skill in the healing art. They
think that he who understands the natures and
remedies of diseases can be ignorant of nothing.
They will believe him in matters of religion,
and be tractable and obedient to him. Our
Saviour himself inspired mortals with wonder,
by healing bodies as well as souls. In imitation
of him, when we were employed in the instruc-
tion of the savages, we endeavoured to supply
the want of physicians, surgeons, and druggists,
by easily obtained remedies, by reading medi-
cal books, and by other means, in order to wean
that miserable people from their jugglers, whom
we accounted the chief obstacles to the propa-
gation of the holy religion.

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758 It is incredible how well the sick are taken
797 care of in the Guarany towns. Indians are ap-
pointed to attend upon them, more or fewer,
according to the number of inhabitants. These
men have some knowledge of herbs and com-
mon remedies, though they are not allowed to
use any medicine without consulting the mis-
sionary. They carry in their hands a staff
marked with a cross, and are hence called cross-
bearers. It is their business to go about dawn
to visit the sick in the district appointed to

726 are unwilling, by a doubtful contest, to experience a change of fortune, and to undergo a new danger. A spear, or garment, taken from them in battle by their enemies, the Abipones consider a terrible disgrace to their nation, regarding the loss of it with as much grief as Europeans do that of their drums or standards. The Abipones never attribute victories, and the
756 fortunate events of battles, to their own skill,
791 but to the arts of their jugglers. Although
186 they hold the other Paraguayrian nations in contempt, yet they allow the Guaycurùs to be formidable; they say that they are cut down like funguses by the spears of these savages, not because they excel them in goodness of arms, strength of body, or courage of mind, but because they enter the fight attended by far more skilful jugglers. The Cacique Alaykin affirmed to me, that persons blown upon by their breath fell to the ground, as if struck with thunder.

727 But now let us contemplate the Abipones triumphing after a successful fight. If the event has answered to their wishes they fill the country with joyful rumours of victory, and generally exaggerated accounts of the slaughter of the enemy. They who have behaved with distinguished valour have the ears and eyes of all directed towards them. They who have re-

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the family to the public celebration of victories. ²⁰³
 On his departure, he is dismissed by the women. ⁵²⁷
 with the usual percussion of the lips. In the. ⁷²⁷
 same manner he enters the dwellings of the.
 other hordesmen, always accompanied by a ^[554]
 crowd of boys. The office of crier, which the ^[756]
 noble Abipones despise, is generally performed. ⁶²⁴
 by some juggler of advanced age and low birth.
 Meantime they furnish the house, appointed for ⁵²⁷
 the meeting, with a hasty apparatus. The ⁷²⁷.
 floor is covered with the skins of tigers and of
 kine, upon which the guests sit. A temporary ^[417]
 erection is made of reeds, upon which they
 place the hairy scalps of their slain enemies, as
 trophies. When they prefer celebrating the
 victory without the tent in the open air, they
 hang these trophies upon spears fixed upright
 in the circle in which they sit. At sun-set, the ^[415]
 persons invited all flock to the appointed place,
 where they sit down on the ground, having
 leathern vessels of mead set in the midst of
 them, though the drinking does not commence
 till about morning, the whole night being spent
 in chaunting their victories.

They never sing all at once, but only two at ⁵²⁷
 a time, always greatly varying their voices from ⁵³³
 high to low, one either taking up, or following. ⁷²⁷
 or interrupting the other, and sometimes
 accompanying him. Now one, now the other.